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The Democrat.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

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To a Little Housewife.

O little housewife clean and spruce,
Thy use one heart divines;
A rosy apple, full of juice,
And polish'd—till it shines!
A tidy, tripping, tender thing,
A foe to lazy litters,
A household angel, tidying
Till all around thee glitters!

To see thee in thy loveliness,
So prudish and so chaste;
No speck upon the cotton dress
Girdled around thy waist;
The ankle peeping white as snow
Thy tuck'd-up kirtle under;
While shining dishes, row on row,
Behind thee stare and wonder:

The crimson firelight dips
Thy cheeks until they glow;
The white flour makes thy finger-tips
Like rosebuds dropt in snow,
When all thy gentle heart
Flutters in exultation
To compass in an apple tart
Thy noblest aspiration!

O Housewife! may thy modest worth
Keep ever free from wrong;
Blest be the house and bright the hearth
Thou blessest all day long,
And nightly may thy sleep be sound
While o'er thee, softly, stilly,
The curtains close like leaves around
The hushed heart of the lily!

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

"I never did see such a sight in all my life," quoth Mrs. Narley, elevating her two rheumatism-twisted old hands in the air. "Dust on them beautiful velvet carpets; glass in the conservatory windows all broken; chickens scratching up all the geraniums on the front lawn, and the lazy servants dawdling away their precious time, while poor, dear Mr. Avenel, and Harry don't know any more what's going on than if they were boarders. Says I, 'Dear heart-alive, Mr. Avenel, this is enough to make your poor wife turn in her grave.' Says he—you know his pleasant way—'Well, I know it isn't just right, Mrs. Narley, but what can I do?' And I answers, says I, 'Get a housekeeper.' Says he, 'Where?' Says I, 'Advertise.' Says he, 'Mrs. Narley, you've hit the nail on the head. I'll advertise to-morrow.' And that's how that paragraph happened to be in the papers."

Here Mrs. Narley stopped to catch breath, and nodded emphatically at her auditor, a pale woman dressed in deep mourning, with the unbecoming frame work of a widow's cap around her face.

"And do you think I should suit the gentleman?" the latter asked timidly.

"You can but try," was Mrs. Narley's encouraging response. "Mr. Avenel's as easy as a lamb, and not one o' them as is everlastingly checking off bills and counting nickel pennies, and Harry's dreadful pleasant tempered. Any way, if I was you, Mrs. Hawkhurst, I'd go and see."

And Mrs. Hawkhurst, holding her pretty little daughter by the hand, went up accordingly to the handsome stone house on the hill.

There she found Mr. Avenel in a state of temporary siege, for others besides herself had seen the tempting advertisement and made haste to answer it. There were fat women and lean, tall women and short, Scotch women and Germans, smiling, slovenly women and trim, sharp-visaged women; women who had seen better days, and women who evidently hadn't.

Mrs. Hawkhurst looked around somewhat discouraged by the formidable array of rivals.

"There's no hope for me," she thought, despairingly, and was just about to turn away with timid Juliet clinging to her hand, when Harry Avenel advanced.

"Did you wish to see my uncle, ma'm?" he asked, courteously.

"I—I called about the housekeeper's situation," meekly murmured the widow.

And Harry showed her in at once,

The fat and the tall, the German and the Scotch, the sour and the sweet, went. Mr. Avenel decided to engage Mrs. Hawkhurst as his housekeeper, with permission to keep Juliet with her.

"She is all I have, sir," said the housekeeper, apologetically, "and she will try to be useful about the house."

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Avenel.

"Fifteen, sir."

"Well, let her stay," said the widower good humoredly. "She'll eat no more than a chicken, and I dare say she can do a great many odd things about the house."

Mrs. Hawkhurst proved herself an executive officeress of the greatest ability. Gradually the "chaos and old night" of Avenel place was reduced to system and order. The wheels of housekeeping revolved so softly that no one knew they moved, yet these were the results. You scarce ever saw the housekeeper gliding about the halls, yet the servants declared she was omnipresent. Mr. Avenel found himself actually the inhabitant of a home once more as the years slowly passed away.

He was sitting on the piazza one day, smoking his cigar, and watching the graceful movements of Juliet Hawkhurst, as she was planting trailing vines in a marble vase that occupied the center of the lawn, when Mrs. Narley came out.

"A nice evening, sir," said Mrs. Narley, "Oh, there she is!"

"Who?" Mr. Avenel asked.

"Why, that foolish child, Juliet," answered the old lady sharply. I ha'nt no patience with her, that I ha'nt."

"What has she been doing now?" asked the widower with an amused face.

"Why, she's refused Ben Nicholos' eldest son, as likely and forehanded a young feller as there is in the country."

Mr. Avenel started.

"Ben Nichols! Why, Mrs. Narley, she is only a child."

"She's seventeen next week," nodded Mrs. Narley, "and high time she thought o' settling."

Mr. Avenel looked across to where Juliet stood in her pink gingham dress, the soft summer winds stirring her curls, and her cheeks as softly tinted as the standard moss rose on the lawn. Seventeen, was it possible that little Juliet Hawkhurst had grown to be seventeen years old? Oh, relentless time, that would not stand still! oh, cruel years, that went by and stole the fair brightness of childhood away! So Ben Nichols had actually asked Juliet Hawkhurst to be his wife!

"I wish you an' Harry'd talk serious to her about it," went on Mrs. Narley. "Tan't likely she'll hev many more such chances as that."

"No; to be sure not," said Mr. Avenel, abstractedly.

"And o'course she'd oughter think it over well," added Mrs. Narley.

"O, certainly—to be sure!"

When Harry Avenel came home from the city that evening, he found his uncle in a brown study.

"Harry," quoth the widower.

"Yes, uncle."

"I been thinking—"

"So I should conclude, sir, from the H-shaped wrinkle between your brows," laughed the young merchant. "Well, and what has been the topic of your meditations, Uncle Joe?"

"Why, I was thinking what would become of us if Mrs. Hawkhurst were to take it into her head to leave us."

Harry opened wide his merry hazel eyes at the idea.

"What made you think of such a thing, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She has a good place here; but one couldn't expect her to be contented with a housekeeper's situation always, Harry?"

"No, to be sure not."

"She has been very essential to our domestic happiness, Harry," went on Mr. Avenel.

"Yes—I grant you that, Uncle Joe."

"And I really don't know how we could manage to exist without her."

"Raise her salary, uncle," suggested Harry.

"No, I hardly think that would answer my purpose; but, Harry——"

"Well, uncle?"

Mr. Avenel looked slightly sheepish.

"Can't you imagine any other way of keeping her here?" he asked.

Harry stared at his uncle. Mr. Avenel felt disposed to give him a hearty shake for his stupidity.

"Oh!" cried the young man, with a sudden dawning of lucidity over the darkness of his brain. "You don't mean—matrimoney, uncle?"

"Yes, I do!" quoth Mr. Avenel, stoutly. "Wou'd you object, Harry?"

"I, uncle?"

"Because you are the only person interested besides myself—and her."

"My greatest interest, uncle, is to see you happy," the young man answered, wringing the elder's hand. "And—it will, too, should conclude to marry at no very distant day——"

"Why, then," cried Mr. Avenel gaily, "we can all live together, just as we do now, and be the happiest family in the world!"

And he went into the house, whistling, as he went "John Anderson, My Jo, John," as blithely as a boy of sixteen.

Juliet Hawkhurst was standing by the little side garden gate that evening, thoughtfully watching over her right shoulder, of course, the slender silver crescent of the new moon. Juliet had certainly blossomed into a perfect little rose of a maiden, during the years she had been an inmate of Avenel place. She was fair haired and rosy, with long eyelashes, deep blue eyes full of shadowd purple gleams, and a complexion like rose-colored satin; and, moreover, there was in her every movement, a self-possessed grace and dignity of mein, that was inexpressibly charming. Juliet Hawkhurst had been born for a lady, but untoward fate had made a housekeeper's daughter of her.

As she stood there, leaning over the iron rail of the gate, a footstep sounded behind her:—

"Juliet?"

She turned with a little rose blush and a smile she fain would have concealed, and Harry Avenel came up and stood close beside her.

"Little elf, you thought you had hidden away from me, but you see I have contrived to find you out, even here! What makes you blush, and get so confused?"

"Do I?" And Juliet fixed her gaze very steadfastly on the green turf at her feet, where a single yellow dandelion was closing its eye of downy gold for the night.

"Listen!" cried Harry triumphantly. "I've got a piece of news for you."

"What is it?"

"What should you think of a stepfather, eh, little one?"

Juliet looked up, this time, in real and genuine astonishment.

"A stepfather, Harry?"

"My uncle has confided to me this evening that he thinks of marrying, Juliet, and, from all I can gather, the bride is none other than your mother. So, when we are married, there will be a nice little family circle of us, eh?"

And the audacious young man belted her slender waist with his arm, and ventured to draw her a little closer to him.

"Oh, but Harry, you are all wrong," cried Juliet, crimsoning and smiling like a June flower. "I—I meant to tell you of it, but somehow the words would not come to my lips. Your uncle told me also that he had concluded to marry again, and—he asked me to be his wife."

"The—mischief he did!" cried Harry, starting back as if some one had struck him a blow. "You! Why, Juliet, you are young enough to be his daughter!"

"Perhaps I am," said Juliet, meekly.

"And what did you tell him? You accepted him, of course? He is rich and I am poor, and all the girls like gold."

"Harry!"

"Tell me quickly, Juliet," he cried, almost passionately. "Don't keep me longer in suspense."

"I told him," Juliet answered innocently, "that I had already promised to marry you."

"My little dove!" and Harry Avenel's dark face brightened into sunshine once again. "And you were right, for May and November never yet were happily mated. My uncle is an old fool; and yet I can't blame him, Juliet, when I look at your sweet face."

The countenance of Mr. Avenel was slightly confused when he met his nephew at the breakfast table the next morning, but, further than that, there were no signs of the discomfiture he had undergone. He gave Juliet an exquisite set of wedding pearls when she was married, and congratulated Harry after a very cordial fashion. But he never proposed to Mrs. Hawkhurst, and as she had never expected anything of the sort no harm was done.

And everything goes on at Avenel place precisely as it ought to do. Mr. Avenel keeps his housekeeper, and Harry has gained a wife.

A SELL.—A paper hanger in Boston found himself, a few weeks ago, with a large stock of extremely ugly wall paper on hand, which he despaired of selling. A lady came in one day, and, seeing the large bouquets of flowers which formed the design of the paper, complimented him upon his enterprise in securing the Dolly Varden pattern. He took the hint, spoke of the fashionable article to his customers, and in a few weeks sold every roll of it.

Female Gamblers at the German Spas.

Baden, Hamburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems have each their feminine noblesse from the leading nations of Europe. They compose, indeed, some of the best known habitueés; can be met, while they are alive, in the Dichtenthal avenue, the Wilhelmstrasse, or on the Mahlberg-Kopf with as much certainty as the tailleur with his imperturbable face, frigidly polite manners, and perpetual "Faites votre jeu, messieurs.

One of the most noted players of rank is the famous Countess Kisselef, whom all frequenters of Hamburg must remember as a large gray-haired woman hobbling about with a crutch, and often carried by her servants in an invalid-chair to the gaming-table, which she seldom quits. She must be seventy-five now, and has been reported dead again and again. Her portly and crippled figure was conspicuous in the Cursaal last season, and will be again this, I am sure. She could hardly forego the pleasure of occupying her accustomed seat during the last gambling year, when she has for nearly a quarter of a century breathed the genial summer air of the Taunus Mountains. She is, or rather was, the wife of the former Russian minister to Rome, and all kind of stories are told about her. She is said to have separated from her husband because he insisted that she should give him up or give up gaming, and she adhered to the latter as the more attractive of the two. The gossips declare that up to her fortieth year she was a beautiful basilisk of fascination, and her figure (who ever saw a very fat old woman that had not once been a modal of lissome grace?) so light and symmetrical that St. Petersburg and Moscow followed it with adoring eyes. (If this be so, it is only another corroboration of my esthetic theory concerning the tendency of rank to awkwardness and svoirdupois.) The hour of beginning the game is almost invariably anticipated by the countess. She is at the table before the croupiers, day and night, week-days and Sundays, find her glued to her familiar chair. Roulette is her life, and her last words, as the ball of death goes swinging round the circle of her being, will be, no doubt, "Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus."

Her losses at Hamburg are stated to have been enormous—not less during the last twelve or thirteen years than eight or ten millions of florins. She has done much to improve the little town, has built many of its best houses and opened a street, which is named in her honor. But all her property has been mortgaged, and it is questionable if she now has left, out of a colossal fortune, more than a modest independence. She no longer bets with her former audacity, staking rouleaux of napoleons upon a simple chance, but limits her mise to a few florins, in consequence of her comparatively straitened circumstances. To her more than to any other one person the Direction is indebted for the large dividends, averaging about twenty per centum per annum, which it pays to its stockholders, after deducting its very liberal expenses. All the tables at the springs are owned in this manner, though, as may be presumed, the companies are supremely close corporations, and the shares are no more purchasable than the correct biography of Prester John. As divided-paying stocks they probably have no rivals in all Europe.

A lionne at Baden is the Princess Suvarrow, a Russian lady of distinction, who devotes herself almost as zealously to rouge-et-noir in the Conversationshaus as the Countess Kisselef does to roulette in the Cursaal. She must have been exceedingly pretty; indeed, she is very good-looking now, although full five-and-forty, if it be allowable to conjecture a woman's age, and she still has a fine presence and engaging manners. Always dressed richly—yellow silk, trimmed with black lace, is her favorite costume, setting off her brunette beauty to advantage—and having a really grand air, she draws the fire of many glances. According to general report, she has played as sad havoc with the funds of the Baden bank as she has with the hearts of men all the way from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Constantinople to Antwerp. She is said to have won as much as her notorious country woman has lost, and she bears the credit of having again and again exhausted the treasury of the tailleur. Her reputation as a lucky player is diffused throughout the grand duchy, and she is often implored to make bets for others, as persons believed fortunate are apt to be. Full of bonhomie, she generally yields to persuasion, albeit she avers she has little leisure to look after other stakes than her own. She is deemed the best authority on systems in the entire valley of Oel-bach, and appears to have studied them to some purpose. I have been informed that she has thousands of the little pricked cards (having noted the course of the game for many years) carefully arranged in her archives according to date, and that she gives the late hours of the night to their diligent investigation. She must be a feminine Anastasius, if all the *on dits* concerning her are to be trusted. She has been everything and done everything; speaks all languages; has traveled all over the world—is, in a word, a paragon of imprudence and enchantment, of folly and generosity, of wickedness and charity, of tenderness and temptation. She is a Greek, a Russian, an Italian, a Spaniard, and a French woman; the much-fathered daughter of a Grand Vizier, of the Pope of Rome, of the Emperor William, of a Russian admiral, of a Spanish grandee, and of a French general. Everybody at Baden knows something about her nobody else knows; and what each knows is altogether different from the general knowledge of this singular woman, who seems pleased with the mystery surrounding her, and nowise averse to deepening it by a continuation of eccentric courses and inexplicable vagaries.—*Junius Henri Browne*

SCARED TO DEATH.—A day or two ago a lighted kerosene lamp was capsized in the residence of Mrs. Voorhies, Williamsburg, N. Y., and the oil taking fire, a serious conflagation was threatened. This so worked upon the nervous system of Miss Lucy M. Voorhies that she became affected with spasms, and, all efforts to restore her failing, she expired.

A CONVICT in the Michigan Penitentiary has just fallen heir to nearly $1,000,000, by the death of his father. His sentence expires in August.

How Steel Rails are Made.

Our visit to the "Baldwin Steel Works," on the Susquehanna, is fortunately timed, for preparations are already making for charging the huge converter. With but a passing glance at the preliminary storm of fire that roars from the mouth of the converter, we follow the superintendent past the hot piles of ingots lately drawn from the moulds past the great receivers wherein Æolus is imprisoned and forced to do fiery service; past the engines which generate the power used in the Cyclopean operations going on all around, and stop to watch the gigantic steam hammers under which the glowing masses of steel are forged by blows that may be twenty tons or twenty grains as the forger wills. Just beyond the forger is the rolling-mill where the white hot bars of steel are seized and drawn into rails with a rapidity that bewilders. But it is time for tapping the furnaces, and we hasten back, with scarcely a look at the various piles of rails awaiting shipment.

This is no place for the philosophy of the Bessemer process; no place for describing all the step by which crude iron is now so quickly converted into steel. Our attention is absorbed by the scenic effort, and that is beyond the power of words to describe. Even the pencil of a Weir would fail to do it justice.

"What are those circular artists driving at over there?" queries the subscriber, pointing to a number of men on a raised platform, each with his hand on a wheel like that of a car-brake.

The superintendent explains how their movements control the almost restless force of the hydraulic presses, and we stand amazed at the magic by which a turn of the wrist is made to manipulate the ponderous converter, with its charge of melted metal, as easily as a man might handle a glass of water.

A whirlwind of sparks pours from the converter's mouth and rolls along the vaulted roof, sending sudden gusts of fire almost into our faces. The converter comes to rest and the fiery blast is turned off. In a moment streams of molten iron creep along the conduits from the row of furnaces, and pour a flood of scintillating metal into the converter. The charge complete, the blast is turned on again with augmented force, and through a hundred openings air is forced into the liquid metal burning out the carbon and sulphur and other liquid impurities, and sending the dross up the chimney—a coruscating metallic fountain. Our eyes are blinded by the brightness, yet fascinated by the play of colors that mark the progress of the purification. The prevailing hue is a rose-tint of exquisite loveliness, lost in the dazzling whiteness when we look steadily, but reappearing as often as the eye is rested by looking away for a moment.

"We have pure iron now," remarks the superintendent, as the flame suddenly ceases. "In a moment will be added the compound, which is to change the iron into steel."

The converting mixture pours a fiery cascade into the converter, and a magnificent eruption of many-colored scintillations shows the intensity of the chemical action going on. It ends abruptly, and as the huge retort is canted over to pour its contents into the moulds below, we follow the superintendent's suggestion, and look in at its shining mouth.

"You know what white-heat looks like now," he says; and we confess that thus far we have had no adequate conception of its perfect whiteness.

On our way back to our car we stopped to look at the crushing-machine for pulverising the refractory lining of the converter.

"If you only had jaws like that, subscriber," remarks the little man, "you wouldn't have had to send back the chops they offered you at the hotel the other morning."

The subscriber watches the machine a moment, working his mouth with unconscious envy, as the blocks of quartzite crumbled to sand in the resistless bite; then keeping time with the machine, he ejaculates—"With—a—masticating—apparatus—like—that—a—man—might—live—yes, sir!—I might live—in a second rate boarding-house!"

A Crushing Sarcasm.

Chief Justice Spofford, during the latter part of his official career, was about as brusque and biting as man could be, and in his bitter moods he was apt to be as ungenerous as he was sarcastic. When left to his own meditations, with nothing to ruffle his temper, his decisions were clear and compact, and his legal papers patterns of ornate erudition; and, moreover, his decisions were held as good and sufficient law of precedent.

Once upon a time Spofford was at the head of the bench holding a Court of Equity, and in the case under trial it became necessary for an attorney to prove the death of a certain man. This attorney was by name Wallington—a thin-visaged, nervous, buzzing fellow, who had the reputation of never letting go his hold upon a case until he had wrung the last possible dollar from it.

Wallington produced what he considered a sufficient proof of the death of the man in question; but the Judge would not accept it.

"That is no proof at all," was Spofford's emphatic remark.

The attorney brought forward other evidences. And still old Spofford shook his head.

"It will not do, sir. We cannot accept that as proof."

"Your Honor," cried Wallington, with much show of vexation, "pardon me if I deem your decision extremely hard. Why will you not believe me? I knew the man well to the day of his death; I saw him dead with my own eyes; and I attended his funeral. He was my client, your Honor."

"*Your client?*" exclaimed Spofford. "Why in the name of sense and reason didn't you state that fact in the first place? *No wonder he died! We admit the proof.*—Go on, sir."

The Judge probably thought but lightly of the sarcasm at the time, but it proved a crusher for poor Wallington—so much so that he was forced to seek another field for the exercise of his profession.—*Ledger.*

IN a breach of promise case tried at Providence, R. I., Julia C. Vallett, aged 22, recovered a verdict of $16,000 against Thomas Grace, aged 69.

Children's Toilettes.

Some of the prettiest Summer novelties are designed for the little folks. The daintiest of chapeaux, the smallest of shoes for Cinderella feet, and the airiest dresses for the small fairies, meet us everywhere. As much time and expense are now lavished upon little Daisy's dress as upon her mamma's, and as for Master Louis, he is as particular about the set of his coat and breeches, as fastidious about the color of his tie, and the style of his hat, as is his elder brother, who has arrived to the dignity of swallow-tails and black cylinders.

A little boy's suit is now an exact copy of a man's coat, vest and pantaloons, all corresponding in color.

Very small boys, from three to five years of age, wear the kilt-suits of dark blue cloth, or of black velvet with plaid skirts. In these suits the coat and vest are made the same as for older boys, the skirt being worn instead of pants. The skirt should measure three yards around. A broad box plait is placed in front, and smaller plaits are laid turning toward the neck. Two rosettes of black ribbon are placed upon the front plait. Wide linen collars edged with a narrow ruffle are worn with these suits.

A suit for a boy of seven is made of light-brown tricolor. The pants are short, reaching below the knee. The coat is open over a white vest. A rather wide linen collar is turned down over a pink tie. White straw hat with brown ribbon band.

A dress for a child of three years is made of white cashmere. The skirt is laid in box-plaits, and trimmed a little above the bottom by a band of cashmere four inches wide, which is braided and set in with black braid. The waist is cut a low square and has short puffed sleeves. The neck is finished with a trimming to match that upon the skirt. A belt, also red, is braided and has short lappels at the back. A white plaited waist of white muslin high in the neck, and with long sleeves is worn beneath the waist of the dress.

A dress of blue silk for a little girl has a deep flounce upon the bottom of the underskirt. Over this the skirt descends in deep points, which are bound with the same. The polonnise is made plain and prettily looped with bows of broad ribbon at the back. In front it opens over a chemisette of puffed lace, and is fastened with silk straps, which are set on with blue buttons. White chip hat trimmed with blue ribbon and short white plume, and blue, buttoned shoes, are to be worn with this dress.

Nothing can be prettier for childrens' toilettes than white, and nothing is more fashionable. White dresses for little girls are trimmed with needlework—some, made of pique, are very handsomely braided—and others, of Swiss, are elaborately made of puffs and bands of inserting and lace, and worn over tiny slips of blue or pink silk. Many of the toilettes prepared for the little folks, who are expected to spend their Summer at the watering places, are as costly and as elegantly made as though Miss was already setting out upon a heart-breaking tour in which she was not to be eclipsed by the belles of maturer age.

But, while a beautiful child, beautifully dressed, is a pleasure to all eyes, mothers should not forget the comfort and happiness of their little darlings. The dread of soiling a fine wardrobe is a serious detriment to youthful sport; and a child who is deprived of play lest it injure its clothes, is a real martyr to fashion.

Therefore a plenty of plain, brown linen dresses, neatly braided with red or black, or without any trimming whatever, and the tasteful little patterns in Scotch-ginghams, should always be made a part of the little one's wardrobe.

Gems of Thought.

It takes all our learning to be simple.

He that is desperately inclined to his own will, is ever most near to the wealth of God.

When we suspect ourselves to be most miserable, then is the grace of God most favorable.

Never expect to go to the throne of grace without having some stumbling block thrown in your way; Satan hates prayer, and always tries to hinder it.

Truth is the ground of science, the scale to charity, the type of eternity, and the fountain of grace.

Faith and the cross are inseparable; the cross is the shrine of faith, and faith is the light of the cross.

Punishment is the record of crime; and the strength of the back-strokes in proportion to the original blow.

How terrible to die unprepared. Yet, every tick of the clock, and one soul somewhere is launched into eternity.

Sense shines with double lustre when it is set in humility. An able yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost.

No man or woman that has real saving religion is afraid to have it known. If they are, it is a positive sign they do not possess it.

Every sin against God, the Supreme Sovereign, is a capital offence, and consequently the life of every sinner is forfeited to the divine justice.

I have seen the Christian die, and also the sinner. Let my prayer be, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

THE ALE QUESTION.—The question of prohibiting the sale of ale and beer in the towns of Massachusetts was not settled after all by the vote taken a few weeks ago. It seems as though a loop-hole was inevitably left open for litigation to creep in when an attempt is made to settle any question in human affairs. In this case on some of the ballots the whole question, "Shall the sale of beer, etc., be allowed?" was printed with the answer "yes" or "no," while others only had the answer. Now the question arises as to whether the latter were legal, and the supreme Court must decide the question.

There are twin brothers in Newburyport who are known as tights and lefts, from the fact of one of them being lame in his right foot and squinting with his right eye, while the other is lame in his left foot and squints with his left eye.

A Terrible Wreck on the Coast of Labrador.

The following details have been received of the loss of the sea-fishing vessel Huntsman, with forty-five men, on the coast of Labrador, April 28th:

A tremendous gale set in from the north-east, and the field-ice was quickly broken up into floes, and formed into one of those drifting "packs" that are so dangerous. Scores of huge ice-bergs were also moving about, rending the field-ice with their blows, as if with the hammer of Thor, and dashing against each other in wild commotion. The fierce nor'easter was pressing the ice upon the land, and under the lee of the vessel, grim and frowning, were the savage shores of Labrador. The only chance of the Huntsman lay in battling her way through this pack near the shore, so as to reach the more solid ice at some distance, where she might find a harbor of refuge. For a time she fought her way bravely, dodging the onsets of the floes, escaping marvelously the crush of the meeting icebergs, and seemed to have a charmed life. But before she could clear the dreadful pack of ice-monsters that were roaring around, night came down, dark as pitch, and the storm seemed to increase with the night. Blinding snow-drifts swept along the sky—the freezing spray fell upon the deck—the wind howled aloft, the noise of the crashing floes was awful. The ill-fated Huntsman was now at the mercy of the waves, and in the grim darkness nothing could be done to avoid peril. About 9 o'clock a tremendous sea struck her, hurling her bodily on Fish Rock, where she began immediately to break up. Three of the crew leaped overboard, hoping to escape, just as she was about to strike, but the poor fellows were struck by a floe and killed in a moment. The remaining fifty-nine men took to the rigging, as the sea was breaking over the ship; but they were only a few minutes there when the masts went overboard, hurling the whole of them into the seething chaldron. Forty-five of them sank to rise no more, or were crushed amid the floating ice-masses, the Captain and his son among the number. Seventeen managed to scramble upon the ice, but in most pitiable plight; some had both arms broken, some broken legs and ribs. Only three escaped uninjured. What an awful situation for human beings! Lying maimed on the ice, writhing in agony, the sea drenching them, the fierce nor'easter chilling them, darkness around, the blows of the frost giants resounding on all sides and making night hideous. At any moment the ice on which they lay might be rent in pieces, and they hurled into the boiling surges. No wonder they almost envied the fate of their comrades, now at peace beneath the waves. When morning at length broke, after the dreary hours of that terrible night, they saw a vessel at some distance with the auspicious name of Rescue. The poor fellows managed to crawl along the ice, aiding one another as best they could, the sound men half carrying the others with broken limbs, and so they passed over nearly a mile of broken ice, and at length got on board the Rescue, more dead than alive. One of the saddest features in this case is that the whole of the men who perished belonged to one little fishing village, called Bay Roberts, which is now literally a "place of weeping," for there is hardly a family but has lost a connection or member.

A Visit to San Francisco.

You will find San Francisco says Charles Nordhoff in a letter, one of the pleasantest and most novel of all the sights of California. The hotels are admirably kept; the streets are full of strange sights; the Cliff House, to which you ought to drive in the early morning and eat there an admirably cooked breakfast, amidst the roar of the Pacific's surf and the howling of sea-lions, will make one of your pleasantest experiences; at Woodward's Gardens a good collection of grizzly bears, and other wild beasts native to California, will amuse and instruct children from fifteen to fifty years of age; the Chinese and Japanese shops have curiosities at all prices from twenty-five cents to five hundred dollars; and the Chinese quarters will occupy you several days, if you are at all curious.

You will easily find the streets devoted to the Chinese. They occupy a considerable part of the heart of the city; and their shops, in Sacramento, Dupont, and other streets, are open to visitors, though you will not find much to buy in them, nor many of the merchants and clerks able to speak or understand English. Ladies and children may safely and properly walk in the main streets in the Chinese quarters by day. The tourist who wishes to investigate further should get a policeman stationed among the Chinese to show him around after dark. He will see some strange and unpleasant sights; and ladies and children must be excluded from this tour. But all may go to the Chinese theater. If you have a party of ladies and children, you should apply the day before to the manager of the theater, a Chinaman, whom you will find on the premises, for a box. This will cost you two dollars, and fifty cents additional for every persons in your party. Go about half-past eight, and stay until ten or eleven. The boxes are up stairs, at one end of the gallery; opposite you will see the Chinese women huddled together in a place by themselves; the audience below vehemently resents the indecorum of a woman appearing in the pit. The play usually contains some admirable feats of tumbling; but the whole performance you will find most strange and extraordinary. The orchestra sit in the back of the stage, and the performers and actors smoke and sip tea in the intervals when they happen to be disengaged. The costumes are costly and elaborate; the acting appears to us Western barbarians outrageously stilted; and the voices are the very soul of discord, fitly married to the music, which will set your teeth on edge and pierce your ears with its fierce and continual clangor and shrill screams.

You should also, during the day, visit the Chinese temples, or joss-houses, to which a policeman will guide you. They are in the shabby style of the theater, decorated with cheap tinsel; but you will see the Chinese manner of worship, and in one of the temples some curious carving in wood.

The Chinese quarter is perfectly safe and orderly; and you need no protection, even for ladies and children, in going to the theater or elsewhere.

Facts and Fancies.

Texas pastured 3,651,316 cattle in the year 1871.

Lawrence, Mass., employs 14,000 operatives in her manufactories.

The cost of the British Navy for the year 1872-3 is estimated at 47,000,000.

The yearly amount of tea consumed in the United States is 40,000,000 pounds.

Delaware will peach-us 1,250,000 baskets this year, the product of 5,000,000 peach trees.

A boy at Terre Haute, Ind., jumped into the river after his hat and was drowned.

Thousands of acres of sugar beets are being planted in the vicinity of Freeport, Ill., this year.

Two petrified joints of a shark's back bone have been dug from a depth of forty feet in Michigan.

Mrs. Ayres, of Birmingham, Eng., has been fined $100 for giving a poor servant girl a good character.

Mr. Robinson, a fruit grower, of Tazewell County, Ill., says his apple crop will amount to 12,000 bushels this year.

A large portion of Northwestern Iowa was lately covered with water enough to float a ship, by the bursting of a water-spout.

A man was tried at Grand Rapids, Mich., lately for bigamy when he was confronted by four of his wives as witnesses.

A man incarcerated in the Tombs has been figuring in chalk on the walls of his cell. It reads: "In New York City the spires of 342 churches, worth $41,130,000, point heavenward. I'm here for stealing a loaf of bread for my starving child."

An irate Western editor lately wrote to a contributor: "If you don't stop sending me such abominable poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your girl."

A quiet man rang his neighbor's door-bell one night. "Is the gentleman in?" he asked of the servant. "I don't know. Did you wish to see him particularly?" "Oh no! I merely wanted to tell him his house is on fire."

In 1596 the Dutch explorers in Nova Zembla built a wooden hut. A fishing expedition has recently discovered this building, and in it one hundred and fifty objects of interest, among other things books which, after nearly three hundred years, are in a good state of preservation. The collection is to be placed in the Museum of Amsterdam.

Perisier, Boon and Roudin, the three men who were tried on the charge of participation in the most outrageous acts committed in Paris, during the reign of the Commune, and convicted and sentenced to death, were executed recently at Satory. They exhibited no emotion whatever at the last moment, and died crying "Vive la Commune!"

A curious case of spontaneous combustion is noted in Reading, Penn. A gentleman, after oiling some woodwork, left the piece of flannel he had used in a bowl with a small quantity of linseed oil, and placed it on the second story balcony in the open air, intending to use them again. The following morning he found that the flannel had taken fire and been wholly consumed, the ashes remaining in the bowl.

At an examination of his flock by a Scotch minister, a man was asked, "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Ou, just like ither foulk!" The minister insisted on having a more special description, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the respondent, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse-couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, nae body got ony one thing by him, and mony lost."

Mustard is mixed with flour, and poor flour at that, to give it bulk and weight. Honey, unless bought in the comb, is pretty sure to contain a liberal dose of molasses, and is made as we learn, by an ingenious process which involves no recourse to bees. Horseradish has the sting taken out of it by liberal additions of grated turnip, a harmless article, it is true, but nevertheless somewhat high at horseradish price.

Mr. Frank V. Bowen, a colored citizen of Philadelphia has added together the letters used in the Public Ledger Almanac for 1872. The total number of letters used is 223,538, divided as follows: A, 16,980; B, 3,314; C, 6,573; D, 8,067; E, 44,742; F, 4,804; G, 3,775; H, 9,795; I, 13,579; J, 1,081; K, 1,265; L, 8,537; M, 6,528; N, 15,355; O, 13,805; P, 4,766; Q, 178; R, 14,489; S, 14,138; T, 15,974; U, 5,496; V, 2,432; W, 3,255; X, 546; Y, 3,529; Z, 155.

A VENERABLE INDIA-RUBBER MAN.—The Gardiner (Me.) *Journal* gives the following particulars of the wonderful escape of Mr. Joseph Glazier, of that city from instant death. He was examining a paper mill in Topsham, and while so engaged the skirt of his coat caught in the roll. He immediately bethought himself to throw off his coat, but in doing so his hand was drawn into the rolls. "I'll let it pull my arm out," he thought to himself, but as the merciless machinery pulled at the stout muscles and tendons, Mr. G. found that his arm would not pull off without breaking his neck. Just think of such a situation for a man to be in! Coolly submitting to his fate, he turned his head over on the side to save his nose, and through the space of about four inches he was drawn to his hips. He says as the rolls passed over his head it made a noise like grinding coffee in a mill, and that's the last he remembers. The blood spirted from his eyes, ears, and mouth so as to go on to the dryer, twelve feet distant. He was taken up for dead, but strange to say, he is now about the street. The space he went through was about four inches, we are told, but the upper roll could rise a little by what give there was to an 80-inch felt. The *Journal* naturally remarks that it hardly seems possible that a man could be ground through such a small space and live.

"NATURAL ADVANTAGES."—Teacher.—"What bird did Noah send out of the ark." Smallest Boy in the Class (after a pause).—"Dove, sir." Teacher.—"Very well. But I should have thought some of you big boys would have known that!" Tall Pupil.—"Please, sir, that boy ought to know, sir, 'cause his father 's a bird-ketcher, sir!"